

THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, WITH NEWS FROM ALL NATIONS.

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

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MISSING.

A sailor's yarn you'd like to have me spin. Sit down, shipmate; here, off Nantucket. I was the Captain of the Abel Gwynn. That sterny year the Mary Lee was lost.

Her captain's name was William Henry.

A ballast and a careful skipper, too.

I saw the ship weigh anchor and clear.

And bear away along the heaving blue.

Far out at sea she stood, the Mary Lee.

A whaler rigged and from this harbor bound.

With all sail spread from the cold northern sea.

A good ship—aye, and timbers staunch and sound.

But that was more than twenty years ago.

And old Nantucket town will never see.

Across the distant billows rising slow.

The topmast of the good ship Mary Lee.

Aye! aye! that little woman waiting there?

The skipper's wife—how fast she's getting gray.

Brown as an autumn oak-leaf was her hair.

The morning that the Mary sailed away.

She comes here every morning with that glass.

(She's not in her right mind, 'twixt you and me.)

And while the ships come in, the poor old stands watching for the bonny Mary Lee.

—Inter-Ocean.

DISGUSTED WITH THEM.

A Strong-Minded Lady Aims Her Views on "Shopping Women."

The strong-minded lady was sipping

at a table in one of the little lunch

resorts in Sixth avenue. Her lip curled

with scorn as she gazed through the

crowds of ladies shopping with

all their heart and soul and might,

as though they had been brought into

the world for no other purpose and fully

intended to carry out their mission.

The strong-minded lady was disgusted.

The young girl who sat at the table with

her tried her utmost to dissipate the gloomy

clouds which hovered so persistently

over her intellectual companion.

The effort was futile. The strong-minded

lady declined to be anything but dis-

gusted.

"Don't tell me that such a condition

of things is normal," she said, as a

group of ladies more energetic and

clustering with more valour than any

she had previously seen passed be-

fore the window. "I tell you it is no-

thing of the kind. Those creatures there

are for the time being puppets, dolls, or

anything you like. Women decline to

call them. Look at them rushing mad-

ly into the stores as though their lives

depended upon the act. What do they

want? Intellectual culture? Entertainment?

husbands? Funds of information to

amuse their fathers? Attractive little

devices to keep their brothers at home?

No. Six cents' worth of ribbon to

match a bonnet, half a yard of plush to

cover a hat designed to excel one they

have previously seen, or some material

which to make a dress for summer,

though summer isn't nearly here. Pshaw!

The strong-minded lady viciously

drained her cup of chocolate, ordered

another in stentorian tones, and turned

to her youthful companion with re-

newed vigor. "A shopping woman,"

she said, "is an abnormal condition of

womanhood induced by the absurdly

rapid civilization of the times. I have

for the past six years studied the

phenomenon of shopping, and I may say,

as the result of my studies, that the

chronic shopper is afflicted with a

species of insanity. She can not help

her. She is determined to shop, come

what may. It is as much a part of her

daily work as eating or drinking. Let

me cite the case of an aunt of mine,

HUMAN MUSCLES.

The Theory Advanced That They Have the Power of Memory.

"Did it ever occur to you," said a

well-known local pianist, who spends a

considerable time in thought, "that hu-

man muscles have a memory of their

own, and that they perform their func-

tions without special orders from the

mind at times?"

"Well, yes," replied the writer, as he

sat down at the piano, and unconsciously

began exercising his muscles on the

keys. "I don't suppose a Hungarian

working in the 'titch,' gives his arms

special orders how to manipulate a

spade, when he cuts out a lump of terra

firma."

"That's a very primitive illustration,"

resumed the other, at the same time

closing the piano, locking it, and putting

the key in his pocket, "and if you had

trained your mind to pick out exam-

ples, supporting arguments in a discus-

sion, you would have dropped upon a

such letter as this: 'I assume that you

are capable of understanding that when

you follow your calling you would make

a dismal failure if you had to interrupt

the working of your mind each moment

to tell your fingers how to make a let-

ter. You must be aware of the fact that

all you have to do is to write an article

or to allow your 'thoughts' full scope and

your fingers will do the work, spelling and

all correct, without instruction from the

brain."

"When the human muscles perform

their functions independently of the

mind," he continued after a pause, "se-

lectrical call the action that is proper or

not, I can't say, but it gives us reason to

believe that man has more than one

advantage above animals. Philosophers

hold that the only advantage is the

reasoning power; but here we see a

faculty of 'acquiring instinct,' which

no animal possesses."

"But every writing is not an illustration

of the highest order. In application to

this subject. Not only myself, but

every musician, can tell you that in

memorizing pieces the fingers do it all.

It would be a very difficult feat to

remember all the notes in a piece of music,

and some musical people rely so, cer-

tainly on their fingers for the me-

chanical part of their playing that when

they happen to think of the music in the

midst of a performance they become

nervous, and the chances are, break

down. I will go still further than that.

I learned a difficult piece of

music eight years ago, lost the music

and did not get a piece for two

years. I then resumed playing, but

forgot all about the piece, and

when I began to play it again, I

was amazed to find that I was

playing it as well as when I first

learned it. I am now pulling

down the curtains of this room, blind-

fold my eyes, carry on a conversation

with you on any subject, and guaran-

tee that my fingers will play that piece

with all the expression implied in its

tones. This seems a remarkable feat,

but there are few good musicians who

will not agree to do the same."—Pitt-

sburgh Courier.

SNOW-SHOEING.

The Fashionable and Prime Canadian Winter Amusement.

Snow-shoeing is one of the primev-

al amusements in Canada; it is as fas-

hionable as lawn tennis, and even more

PITH AND POINT.

"Do you wish to be my wife, Ma-

bel?" said a little boy. "Yes," in-

stantly answered Mabel. "Then pull off

my boots."—Pittsburgh Courier.

"A man who is willing to hold the

baby part of the time and grease the

griddle in the morning is in woman's

eye, the only substitute for cash."

"I've eaten next to nothing," lisped

Smithers, who was dining with his girl.

"Oh, I always do that when I sit by

you," responded the young lady, pleas-

antly.—Sam.

"Give us the ballot-box," is the cry

of but very few of the fair sex, while the

rest of our feminine population is con-

stant with being allowed to frequently

stuff the ballot-box.—Philadelphia Her-

ald.

It is said that "an Ohio man

planted the first American flag in Cali-

fornia soil in 1833." Whether it grew

or not is not stated; but we suppose of

course it did. They have a glorious

climate out there.—Lovell Citizen.

A man in Northampton County

went to sleep in an engine house, us-

ing a box of dynamite for a pillow.

When he awoke he found his head

blown off. It must have been a pain-

ful surprise to him.—Norristown Her-

ald.

"Innocence Out of the City."—"I wish

you'd let me go to the city with you,

Charlie, dear," said a young wife to her

husband, who is on the Stock Exchange;

"I should so like just for once to take

a stroll through the money market."—N.

Y. Ledger.

Mr. Middlemas met three tramps

this morning; to the first he gave five

cents, to the second ten cents, and to

the third ten cents—what time was it?

Why, it is easy to see what time it was

—a quarter to three.—N. Y. Independ-

ent.

"Nothing makes a man feel the

value of an economical wife so much as

when he finds that the hundred dollars

he has given her to buy Christmas

presents with has been invested in pay-